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THE PEABODY FUNERAL.

THE MONARCH AND PLYMOUTH AT PORTLAND.

THEIR ARRIVAL A SURPRISE—THE PROGRAMME FOR THEIR RECEPTION SAIDLY INTERFERED WITH—SPLendid PERFORMANCE OF THE MONARCH AT SEA.

PORTLAND, Jan. 25.—The Monarch and Plymouth, with the remains of George Peabody, arrived here late this evening, in a storm of rain and sleet, and rather unexpectedly. The report that the fleet had been seen off Montauk Point reached Portland this morning, but was generally discredited by the authorities, and even the pilots did not think it worth while to go out the route the vessels were expected to take, and not even in the route of the vessel which spoke them.

A driving snow and rain fell all day, freezing as it fell, and the weather was so thick that if the fleet had been seen, it would have been seen by the Cape. At 4 o'clock, however, heavy guns were heard in the offing, and the pilot boats hurried out to sea. Two or three small tugs attempted to follow, but put back about 9 o'clock. The Monarch and Plymouth came in and anchored for the night in the outer harbor, about three miles from the city. Capt. McComb of the Plymouth coming ashore in the Government tug Leyden soon afterward to report to the Admiral.

In consequence of this rather inopportune arrival, the arrangements for the first reception have all miscarried. The fleet was to have waited outside till daylight, if it came by night, and to have been signalled by the city, long before it have insight, by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. The monitors, which have been anchored with banked fires, were to steam up and meet the ships outside the Cape, and the guns of Forts Preble and Scammel, were to boom their welcome. Of course nothing of this has been done. Probably it was deemed safer, on account of the weather, to run in at once. There has been no signal of any kind; and very few are aware of the arrival.

To-morrow morning, early, the monitors will leave their anchorage and steam out to the ships. The whole fleet, the Monarch, Plymouth, Miantonomah, and Terror, with probably the Government tugs Leyden and Cohasset, and the revenue cutter Mahoning, will then make a ceremonious entrance into the inner harbor. Admiral Farragut will go aboard about noon. The coffin, however, will not be landed until the next day.

The funeral feast had a prosperous passage, with some severe gales, but none severe enough to test very dangerously the sea-going qualities of either vessel. Off Ushant they parted company in a storm, and did not meet again until they reached Madeira, which had been appointed for their coaling station. There the United States steam corvette Plymouth awaited her consort at Funchal for several days, until stress of weather drove her to seek a more secure anchorage on the other side of the island, and there she found the Monarch already arrived. From Madeira to Portland the two ships were almost side by side. The Plymouth went into Bermuda to get the mails and orders, but the Monarch did not, and coal was replenished only at Madeira. Most of the voyage was made under sail.

As they approached the latitude of New-York, continuous thick weather prevented their taking any observations, and thus it was that they found themselves last Sunday off Montauk Point. The Plymouth hailed the steamer which afterward reported her at Philadelphia. As the two ships sailed all the way with flags at half mast, it must have been known who they were, but the Philadelphia refused to stop long enough even to give the bearings, and his reply to Capt. Macomb's hail could not be made out. The Plymouth fired a shot, which only accelerated his departure; but the Monarch was behind, and opening her turret gave him a shot across the bow, which caused him to send a boat aboard.

The American officers speak in the most enthusiastic terms of the sea-going qualities of the Monarch, and evidently believe that there is no vessel like her afloat. She hardly reeled in the heaviest seas. "Why, I believe," said Capt. Macomb, "that she could use her guns in anything short of a gale of wind. She could bring her turret into action when the sea was so rough that I could not even exercise my guns. I never saw her do anything worse than lurch to leeward at an angle not greater than twenty degrees, and she would not have done that if she had not been under sail." She made with ease 200 miles a day with sails alone. Speed and steadiness are two of her greatest points. She is inferior to our monitors chiefly in her heavy draught and light out of water, which presents, of course, a greater vulnerable surface. Her interior fittings are of the most magnificent description for an iron-clad, and far superior, for instance, to those of vessels like the Franklin.

The storm has abated, and to-morrow promises to be clear; but the horrible condition of the streets will interfere sadly with the contemplated parade when the body is landed.

PEABODY'S BIRTHPLACE.

SOUTH DANVERS—WHERE GEORGE PEABODY WAS BORN—WHERE HE SOLD GROCERIES—WHERE HE IS TO BE BURIED—AN OLD SENTIMENTAL ROMANCE.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)
PEABODY, Mass., Jan. 25.—The town of South Danvers, in which George Peabody was born, in which he served his apprenticeship to a country shoemaker, in which he founded one of the noble institutes of popular education that bear his name, and in which, after this magnificent funeral procession of a whole month's duration, his remains will at last repose, is to all intents and purposes a part of Salem, and in some of its features not unlike that ancient and ghost-haunted seaport. I speak of it as South Danvers, for it has come so lately into its new name of Peabody, adopting a fashion not uncommon with legions of the family appellation which belongs with the property, that the change has not yet renewed the faces of the sign-boards, and is only half-recognized in the talk of the inhabitants. The main street of Salem runs out along the crest of a hill, with a general determination toward the northwest, but with erratic impulses now and then to the right and left. It never gets into the country, and its broad, quiet, comfortable, old houses are scarcely far enough apart to have even a suburban look before, up the elm-shaded street, comes a persistent smell of leather, the road pitches down into a little valley full of tanneries, then up another hill whose slopes are mostly hung with hides, and upon whose crest stands the brick and granite building of the Peabody Institute, down once more into a second hollow likewise given up to leather; and there you are in the heart of South Danvers. A single-track horse-railway, with infrequent turn-outs, and still more infrequent cars, stretches from here through Salem. You may come that way if you are in no particular hurry, but if pressed for time you had better walk.

It is not natural to look for beauty in a village which devotes itself to tanning hides and spreading tan-bark around its door-yards, only varying these useful pursuits by the cognate industry of manufacturing glue; but Peabody in spite of unsavory smells is a pretty place, and the pilgrims who visit it during the approaching ceremonies will find the Massachusetts Mecca not unworthy of its shrine. A Massachusetts village, especially an old Massachusetts village, in which the shade trees have had years enough to develop their beautiful proportions and spread their arms across the wide roadway, and whose best houses were built before the day of staming white clap-boards and prim green blinds [you know the kind of house I mean]—front door close to the street; hollyhocks, phlox, and

prince's feather under the parlor windows, is always a pleasant sight; and even in this gloomy season, with bare trees and muddy roads, Peabody has a clean, thrifty, substantial, and withal tasteful appearance. It is pretty well stricken in years for an American village. The old houses are many enough and prominent enough to give it an antique aspect, in spite of the factories; and flavors of the half-forgotten past, such as hung around Hawthorne's custom-house down at the port, are wafted along its quiet road. Off to the right, at the foot of the ridge, there is a pond or inlet of brackish water; a steam railway runs along there, and there most of the factories are built; but in the main street on the hill there is little to break the stillness. Just by the side of the road there is an old graveyard. Right opposite, on the other side of the water, lies Harmony Grove, a never and more fashionable place of sepulture, where the upper classes may be interred with all the modern improvements, including a patent burial case and a granite monument. Mr. Peabody's remains will be placed in this grove, but the precise spot for their permanent resting place has not yet been selected.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. PEABODY WAS BORN. In company with Mr. Poole, the courteous Librarian of the Institute, I went to see the house in which Mr. Peabody was born. It is on the outskirts of the village, and eighty years ago was probably quite in the country. What it was eighty years ago, it is not now in any respect, save that most of the old building remains and can be identified. A long L has been added; a small kitchen which was anciently attached to the rear like an excrescence, has been moved away; and improvements, enlargements, and alterations have been made to such an extent that the old place has all the external appearance of a modern Yankee village house. A few rods in the rear is a tannery; a few rods away on one side is a glue-factory, and the owner of the factory, Mr. Upton, is also the owner though not the occupier of the house. We met the lady of the house near the door, and she very kindly gave us permission to enter, and showed us all that remains of the old house where Thomas Peabody lived and his son George was born. It was a two-story house, with a short hall and narrow stairway in the middle, and on each floor a single small room on each side of the hall—four rooms in all. These, with the kitchen-out-house, now removed, comprised the whole. The front door opens close to the ground and only a foot or two from the street railing. There is no porch, and the front of the house is almost as bare as if it had been shaved off with a plane. Bare and ugly enough the place must have been when the old Peabody family held it; though now with its enlarged proportions, bright paint, and neat appearance it is so far improved that a sensitive man might perhaps live in it without absolute unhappiness. The original rooms have not been altered. On the first floor they are only a little over six feet high, and across the middle of the ceiling runs a beam which tall visitors must stoop to pass. The heavy timbers of the framework are also conspicuous at the corners. But for these, with the fresh wall-paper, bright carpets, and modern furniture, there would be nothing in the appearance of the rooms to remind you of their age. "I have tried every where," said Mrs. —, "to get some furniture which belonged to the old place, but not a bit can be found. I would like above all things to make at least one of these rooms look as it did when the Peabodys had it."

"You must be very much annoyed with visitors," said I, "and I am ashamed of my own intrusion upon your patience?"
"Oh, not at all; I know that strangers like to see the house, and I am very happy to show it."—But before the funeral is over, I fear the kind lady's good nature will be taxed to its uttermost limits.
The room in which George Peabody was born is the one up stairs on the right as you enter the house. The town is very proud of that room. It was pointed out to us before we reached the house by a citizen whom we met in the road. "We intended," said Mrs. —, "to drap the house in mourning on the day of the funeral; but the town authorities asked us to leave that duty to them. The procession will probably pass by here." If it does, it will have to pass a great deal out of its way; and considering that Mr. Peabody himself never showed any attachment to the house, such honors to those four little rooms seem rather superfluous.

THE INSTITUTE. I shall not detain you with a description of the Peabody Institute, for that has been described too often. A placard on the door announces that it is closed to the public until after the "funeral obsequies," but I had no difficulty in obtaining leave to see what had been done in the way of preparation. The library, on the lower floor, is fitted up for the lying in state. A rich catafalque, draped with black velvet and silver fringe, and studded with the conventional emblems and ornaments of grief, occupies the middle of the room, and around it is a railing, draped in mourning, and pointing out the way for spectators to enter, walk about the bier, and pass out by another door. At the head of the bier is the celebrated portrait of Queen Victoria, presented by Her Majesty to Mr. Peabody a few years ago, and now kept in a kind of safe, built into the rear wall of the library and closed by large doors. When these doors are thrown open the picture will be seen in a very appropriate position. The walls of the library will be draped, and the flags of England and the United States intertwined among the drapery. I have seen in various newspaper descriptions of the somber magnificence of this draped hall; but the descriptions are prophetic rather than historical, for as yet not much has been done. The writers have trusted more to the decorator's written scheme than to personal observation. The lecture-room on the second floor is at present in half-mourning, and will be more fully draped for the eulogy which is to be delivered there some time next month by Mr. A. A. Abbott, President of the Board of Trustees.

GEORGE PEABODY'S SHOP. Nearly opposite the Institute is the shop in which George Peabody, during his apprenticeship, served out groceries to the village customers. It is a little white wooden building, plain enough outside, and distinguished within by that uncomfortable sort of perverse irregularity which generally marks the achievements of country architects in old times. It has been enlarged by additions at the rear, but is otherwise unchanged, except by the introduction of larger front windows than used to be the fashion. The groceries have now given place to drugs, and one corner is used as a telegraph office. A smart lad behind the counter told me all he could of Mr. Peabody's visit to the town last year, but there was little to tell.

"Did he come to see this shop?"
"Well, yes, Sir; he drove by in a carriage, but he did not get out; he was very feeble, and he hardly got out anywhere."
I doubt whether he would have got out had he been stronger; for if he never showed a special interest in the house of his birth, there is no reason why he should have been more concerned about the scene of his apprenticeship. His attachment to South Danvers manifested itself entirely in solicitude for the welfare of its inhabitants. From that mild form of egotism which makes men sentimental about the scenes of their early struggles he appears to have been entirely free.

THE GRAVEYARD. A short walk brought me to Harmony Grove, where the grave is to be dug, and probably at some future time a statue to be erected. For the present, the body will be buried in a lot belonging to the Peabody family of Salem, distant relations of the deceased philanthropist. It is only a few rods from the entrance. There is a granite monument on the plot, about twelve or fifteen feet high, copied from the upper part of the well-known Walter Scott monument, and bearing upon its sides the names of Joseph Peabody, an eminent merchant of Salem, and his

three sons Francis, George, and Joseph A., the second of whom is living. On the opposite side of the road, half way up a steep and rugged hill, is a burial plot which George Peabody bought for himself several years ago. A heavy granite monument in the form of a sarcophagus has been erected here, and when it was first put up the name "GEORGE PEABODY," in large raised letters, appeared all along the front. Mr. Peabody was in Europe when all this was done. A photograph of the monument was sent him, and he immediately ordered the name cut off; whether because it seemed ostentatious, or because he did not wish his tombstone put up before he was dead, I do not know. The pedestal is divided into panels with slabs of white marble set in for inscriptions. There are three panels in the front, three in the rear, and one at each end. The center panel in front bears the following inscription commemorative of Mr. Peabody's father and mother:

THOMAS PEABODY. Died 1811, aged 49.
JUDITH DOUGLASS, His wife. Died 1830, aged 52.

The left hand panel is blank. On the right is the following:
DAVID PEABODY. Died 1841, aged 51.
ACHSAH S. PEABODY. Died Feb. 1841, aged 29.

These were brother and sister of George. Miss Achsa Peabody was a milliner, and kept a little shop in South Danvers. Another brother and sister are recorded on one of the end panels:
THOMAS PEABODY. Died April 1853, aged 34.
MARY G. P.—MARRIED, died Aug. 1854, aged 27.

All the other panels are blank. Mr. Peabody took a strong dislike to this burial place after it was finished, partly, perhaps, because in grading it the trees, which were its original charm, had to be cut down. A new plot will therefore be selected in another part of the cemetery. Harmony Grove stands upon the top and side of a hill. The side, which is well shaded, and broken by charming irregularities of surface, is to my taste much the finest part of the ground; but there is a fashion in being buried as well as in less solemn duties of existence, and fashion at Harmony Grove has set resolutely in the direction of the crest of the hill, where a fine view of Salem, Peabody, and the surrounding country may be had by any mourner who is disposed to take it, and lots are laid off with rectangular roads and a Philadelphia sameness of gray stone posts. Somewhere up here George Peabody's grave will probably be.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ROMANCE. Going over this ground I was reminded of another grave, almost within sight, which I must tell you a little about, though it is as far from having any connection with George Peabody as anything well could be. In the old graveyard I spoke of by the roadside, separated from Harmony Grove by a narrow valley and pond, is a red sandstone slab, more than half clipped away by sentimental pilgrims to the resting place of the once celebrated Eliza Wharton. That is the name at least by which she figures in a novel that about the end of the last century set all romantic young women a-crying over the true story of an unfortunate and beautiful girl. "The Coquette, or the History of Eliza Wharton." (I am not sure of the exact title) told with not very exemplary spirit the not very exemplary story of a young lady who had been well known in society, and whose fate excited an extraordinary interest. A year or two ago a new edition of this forgotten book was published with an introduction by a Mrs. Locke; but new and old have now alike passed out of the shops. It was the old story of a gay and thoughtless life, of ruin, and a lonely death—the seducer in this case being a married man. In our days of opera bouffe, Ouida, and Medora Leigh, the novel would probably be thought unbearably dull; but the palates of our great-grandmothers were not used to such highly-seasoned literary fare, and they found it all very exciting; and so was so nice and wicked, and then it was all true. The lady's real name was Elizabeth Whitman. It is an actual fact that more than half her tombstone has been carried away, bit by bit, by relic-hunters, and when I saw it the edges were freshly clipped, and a small stone lying at the foot of the slab had apparently been used as a hammer. So you see the race of sentimental pilgrims still flourishes. Nearly all the inscription, including the name, has been broken away, and much of what remains is illegible without more pains than I cared to bestow upon it; but I could make out the following fragments: "Sustained the loss of every friend . . . [example of calm resignation] . . . [interred here] . . . 1788."

The tears of strangers watered her grave. "What a comment upon this last line is the broken slab! Instead of watering her grave with tears, strangers have combined for the last two generations in a silly conspiracy to steal her tombstone. J. R. G. H.

THE COMING OF THE SILENT GUEST. BY HOWARD GLYNDON. Lo! England sends him back to us! With sealed eyes and folded palms, He drifts across the winter seas, Whose chants to him his thousand psalms. We proudly name and claim him ours, We bid him, England, from thy breast; We open wide our doors to him, Who cometh home a silent guest. We lent him thee to teach thy sons The lesson of the Open Hand—Lest famished lips should bless thee less, Than him—the stranger in their land! We lent him, living, unto thee, To be a solace to thy pain; But now we wait his noble dust, To consecrate it ours again. England! we take him from thine arms! We thank thee for thy reverent care! If thou and we were ever friends, We should be so beside his bier. His memory should be a spell To banish spleen and bitterness—Have kinder thoughts of us, for he Was tender unto thy distress! As we have kinder thoughts of thee, Because of him, we do to him: For while we weep, we turn to see That English eyes with tears are dim!

JETER PHILLIPS AGAIN RESPECTED. RICHMOND, Jan. 25.—Jeter Phillips, who was to have been hung to-day for the murder of his wife, was respited until February 25. This is the ninth respite the prisoner has had, his case having been taken out of the hands of the State authorities under the Reconstruction laws.

FUNERAL OF BISHOP CHASE. CLAREMONT, N. H., Jan. 25.—The funeral of the Right Rev. Carlton Chase, Bishop of New-Hampshire, took place in Trinity Church to-day, with solemn and impressive services. Among the distinguished clergymen present were Bishops Williams of Connecticut, Bissell of Vermont, and Neely of Maine, the Rev. Drs. Haight of New-York, Hubbard, Eames, Parker, and Herrick of New-Hampshire, and others; also many fellow graduates of the deceased at Dartmouth, and several societies. The body of the deceased, in official robes, lay in a black walnut casket, with silver trimmings, on a raised platform, making the total cost of the funeral \$2,700. The arrangement gives the stockholders 8 per cent annual dividends, payable quarterly, less expenses of organization.

THE NEW-YORK WORKINGMEN'S ASSEMBLY. ALBANY, Jan. 25.—The sixth annual session of the New-York State Workingmen's Assembly commenced this morning in Iron Molders' Hall, Mr. C. W. Building. About fifty delegates were present. Mr. Wm. J. Jessup, President, called the Assembly to order, and after calling the roll of officers, delivered his annual address. After referring to the object of the annual session, to

adopt such measures as will tend to benefit, elevate, and ameliorate the condition of the working classes, without reference to craft, creed, religion, or nationality, he proceeded to a discussion of the various subjects affecting the interests of the workingmen, including the Eight-Hour Law, Apprenticeship law, convict labor, and prison contracts, organization of female labor, colored and coolie labor, also the questions of strikes, non-resistance, labor exchange, co-operation, and political action. His report was adopted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SPAIN.

THE ELECTIONS—MONTENSIER NOT A DEPUTY. MADRID, Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1870.

The report that the Duke of Montpensier had been returned to the Cortes from Oviedo was premature. The election there has not ended. The Republican candidate running against the Duke is now ahead, and the defeat of the latter is considered certain.

Elections are still in progress elsewhere to fill vacancies in the Cortes.

In Madrid the Marquis of Peralas is a candidate for the seat of Marshal Serrano. At the closing of the polls last night he had received 19,000 votes, while the Republican candidate, Guisalsos, had 15,000 and the Carlist candidate 5,000 votes. The elections here will continue three days longer.

THE BOURBON DEBATE—GEN. PRIM'S STATEMENTS.

The proposition for the exclusion of the House of Bourbon from the Spanish Throne came before the Constituent Cortes yesterday for final action, and was the occasion of an exciting debate. Gen. Prim participated, and made a personal statement. In the course of his remarks he declared that the proposition was unjust to exclude all the Bourbons. He desired to explain that his words were not designed particularly to favor the Duke of Montpensier. He would go with the majority, whoever might be chosen. At length a vote was reached, and the proposal was rejected by a large majority: Yeas, 38; Nays, 151.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT—MINERS' STRIKE—A WORKMEN'S MEETING—RUSKIN AND FROUDE TO ADDRESS IT. LONDON, Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1870.

Parliament will reassemble on the 5th of February. The Hon. Francis Egerton, member for East Derbyshire, will move, and Mr. Charles Wenworth Dilke, member for Chelsea will second the address to the Queen.

A report has been current that the Duke of Cambridge had resigned his position as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, but it is positively contradicted. The miners of Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales have struck for the reduction of the time of a day's work to eight hours.

The new Bishop of Oxford was consecrated at Westminster Abbey to-day. The Greek Archbishop Lycurgus was present.

Announcements are out for a workmen's meeting to promote a closer union of England and her colonies. Earl Grey is to preside, and Messrs. Ruskin and Froude will make speeches. Carlyle, Mill, and Tennyson express sympathy with the movement.

The Stock Board has placed the Dominican loan negotiated last year by President Baez on its list.

SUICIDE OF AN AMERICAN.

Mr. Charles Thornton, an American, and a merchant of Bradford, Yorkshire, committed suicide there yesterday. The particulars are unknown.

FRANCE.

THE CREUZOT STRIKE—DEPUTY GAMBETTA. PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 25, 1870.

The strikers among the miners and operatives at La Creuzot is ended, and order has been restored. At the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte Deputy Gambetta will appear for the family of Victor Noir.

CUBA.

THREE INSURGENT GENERALS CAPTURED. HAVANA, Jan. 25.—Capt. Boit, the commander of a band of loyal guerrillas, lately captured the insurgent Gens. Marceno, Leiva, and Figueroa, together with the family of the latter, in the vicinity of Bayamo. Boit and his prisoners have arrived at Santiago. The insurgent leader, Jesus Santos, has surrendered to the Spanish authorities.

HAYTI.

SAINAVE AND HIS PARTISANS OUTLAWED—A PRICE SET ON HIS HEAD BY THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT. PORT-AU-PRINCE, Jan. 11.—One of the first acts of the Provisional Government has been to issue a decree outlawing Sainave and 20 of his chief partisans, putting at the same time a price of \$5,000 gold on the head of Sainave. The decree sets forth that the individuals at whom it is aimed have exposed themselves to exemplary punishment in consequence of having committed the most monstrous crimes, in organizing pillage, incendiarism, and assassination into a system of defense; and also that it is imperatively necessary that all persons who have been also declared that all other insurgents who shall fall within 48 hours of the publication of this edict to give up their arms, and submit themselves to the revolutionary authorities, shall be outlawed. The list of the outlawed includes the name of Gen. Tate, Sainave's Minister to the United States.

GENERAL TELEGRAPH NEWS.

...The earnings of the Union Pacific Railroad for the six months ending December last, amounted to \$4,611,161 31.

...The U. S. steamer Newbern arrived at San Francisco from Sitka, on Monday, with Gen. Jefferson Davis on board.

...The Hudson River is again comparatively free from ice. Loaded sloops left Albany yesterday for this city, and the steamer Connecticut reached Troy without any difficulty.

...In Lowell, Mass., yesterday, a building on Jefferson-st., occupied by eight poor families, were destroyed by fire, and William Dolan, aged 12 years, was burned to death.

...By returns just completed it is ascertained that the gross retail dealers in Chicago, during the past year, amount to \$471,000,000, an increase of 24 per cent over last year.

...A fire in Somerville, Mass., yesterday, destroyed one of the buildings of the Atlantic Cable Casting Company, with some valuable machinery, involving a total loss of \$25,000. Insured.

...The strike of the Swedish laborers on the Lake Superior Railroad has ended, and nearly all of them have returned to their work at the reduced wages of \$10 per day. There was no bloodshed and no casualties, as reported.

...So far only slight rains have fallen in Southern California, and fears of a drought are expressed by the settlers. Their work at the reduced wages of \$10 per day, and others are thinking of killing their cattle for their hides and tallow.

...Mr. P. S. King, the first officer of the steamer America, and formerly commander of the steamer Ocean Queen and King Star, of the Aspinwall route, died suddenly at Yokohama, Dec. 30. His body has been embalmed, and has arrived at San Francisco en route for New-York.

...A fight between two bruisers named Seddon and Lafferty took place near St. Louis yesterday, which was won by Seddon after fighting 15 rounds. After the able encounter Messrs. Carney and Gallagher entered the ring and fought in rounds, when Carney was defeated.

...An examination of the accounts of P. B. Hathaway, late money-order clerk in the Hartford Post-office, shows that he is a defaulter to the amount of \$1,200, and perhaps more. Hathaway retired from the position on the 15th inst., since which time nothing has been heard from him.

...Capt. Alfred Beals of the steamer Eastern Queen, which arrived at Boston yesterday, from Bath, Me., was instantly killed as the boat was going into the dock. He was on the hurricane deck, in the act of passing the anchor, when he was struck by the walking-beam, and his head crushed in a dreadful manner. He leaves a wife and three children in Hallowell.

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...Capt. Alfred Beals of the steamer Eastern Queen, which arrived at Boston yesterday, from Bath, Me., was instantly killed as the boat was going into the dock. He was on the hurricane deck, in the act of passing the anchor, when he was struck by the walking-beam, and his head crushed in a dreadful manner. He leaves a wife and three children in Hallowell.

...A fire in Somerville, Mass., yesterday, destroyed one of the buildings of the Atlantic Cable Casting Company, with some valuable machinery, involving a total loss of \$25,000. Insured.

...The strike of the Swedish laborers on the Lake Superior Railroad has ended, and nearly all of them have returned to their work at the reduced wages of \$10 per day. There was no bloodshed and no casualties, as reported.

...So far only slight rains have fallen in Southern California, and fears of a drought are expressed by the settlers. Their work at the reduced wages of \$10 per day, and others are thinking of killing their cattle for their hides and tallow.

...Mr. P. S. King, the first officer of the steamer America, and formerly commander of the steamer Ocean Queen and King Star, of the Aspinwall route, died suddenly at Yokohama, Dec. 30. His body has been embalmed, and has arrived at San Francisco en route for New-York.

...A fight between two bruisers named Seddon and Lafferty took place near St. Louis yesterday, which was won by Seddon after fighting 15 rounds. After the able encounter Messrs. Carney and Gallagher entered the ring and fought in rounds, when Carney was defeated.

...An examination of the accounts of P. B. Hathaway, late money-order clerk in the Hartford Post-office, shows that he is a defaulter to the amount of \$1,200, and perhaps more. Hathaway retired from the position on the 15th inst., since which time nothing has been heard from him.

THE BONAPARTE MURDER.

THE FUNERAL OF VICTOR NOIR.

THE HOME OF THE MARTYR—"TO PARIS! TO PARIS!"—THE RETURN OF THE POPULACE TO THE CITY—THE DISPERSION OF THE MOB.

PARIS, Jan. 12.—Since the Emperor Napoleon III. has occupied the throne of France no such demonstration has been seen in Paris as was witnessed at the funeral of M. Victor Noir. The *Marseillaise* of this morning announced the funeral, and invited the populace of Paris to be present, and though the edition was seized soon after its publication, a sufficient number of copies were circulated to render the invitation public. It was generally expected that this would be made the occasion of a demonstration against the Emperor, and while the majority of the vast multitude that poured out of the city to Neuilly were doubtless sympathizers with the Rochefort party, there were many others who were probably drawn thither from motives of curiosity. The funeral was from the house of the deceased, at Neuilly, in the western suburbs of the city, and the body was interred in the Cemetery de Neuilly, which was close at hand.

The time appointed was at noon, and as the hour approached the streets of Paris seemed comparatively deserted, while every stage running in the direction of Neuilly was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the boats down the Seine were also well filled. Upon one of these latter I found a place, and delarking at the Pont de l'Alma followed the crowd, who were all moving in the same direction. As we reached the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, the Avenue de la Grande Armée, leading thence to the Barriere de Neuilly, presented a lively scene. Omnibuses, coaches, and vehicles of every description were pouring down the center of the broad avenue, while the sidewalks were crowded with a dense throng composed of every class of the community. All were quiet and orderly, but as they hurried eagerly along it was easy to see from their sober and earnest countenances that they were bent upon no holiday excursion. At the Barriere de Neuilly was stationed a large squad of Sergeants de Ville, but no demonstration was made upon either side, and still the crowd pressed eagerly on.

The home of Victor Noir was in a small street near the Avenue de Neuilly, and in turning into this we found it completely choked up by a flood of human beings. Not only was the street literally packed, but every window was crowded, the roofs were covered, and hundreds had mounted the fences, the trees, and every available place that commanded a view above the heads of the multitude. Upon every door-step was a vendor of immortelles, and every sympathizer with the murdered man wore a sprig in his button-hole. We had waited here some time when there was a sudden movement in the crowd, and the cry went up from a thousand voices of "Victor Rochefort," and every face was turned in expectation toward the house. M. Rochefort soon appeared at the window, accompanied by M. Raspail, and each made a brief address, which was received by the people with expressions of approbation and renewed cries of "Victor Rochefort."

A funeral car of the plainest and simplest kind soon appeared at the end of the street, and slowly made its way through the throng to the door. The coffin, covered by an immense wreath of immortelles and bouquets of beautiful flowers, was placed in it, and the cortege started for the cemetery. M. Rochefort, who looked exceedingly pale and wearied, followed directly behind the hearse on foot, accompanied by the immediate friends of M. Noir, while before, behind, and all around was the crowd. Hardly had the procession commenced to move when the cry, "To Paris! to Paris!" was raised, and soon became general, mingled with shouts of "Victor Rochefort! Vive la Republique!" As we turned into the Avenue de Neuilly the scene was one such as is rarely witnessed. The vast crowd which was variously estimated at from 100,000 to 150,000, became wild with excitement. A man who seemed to be of the better class of workmen mounted the hearse crying, "To Paris! to Paris!" and the cry was echoed from the throats of the whole vast assemblage.